

Substitute B 214

Chapter 214: Mr. Crawford, Is That You?

Why is this happening?

Why can't she see?

She didn't tell him either.

Could it be because of the flower poison?

Hayden Crawford froze in place, his deep and narrow eyes seemed to be gathering a storm, making people afraid to meet his gaze.

"Girl, how will you get home if you can't see? Did you call your family to come pick you up?" A kind-hearted lady asked.

Serena Sterling nodded lightly, "Yes, I called my husband, he will come to pick me up later. Thank you, Ma'am, you can go ahead with your work, I'll be heading home."

The lady was surprised to find out Serena Sterling was married, "Girl, then you should sit here and wait for your husband. The traffic light is ahead, don't run around."

After speaking, the lady turned and left.

Serena Sterling watched the direction the lady left, even though she couldn't see anything. After a while, she turned and walked forward.

"The light is green, hurry across."

Not knowing who urged her, Serena Sterling followed the crowd across the street.

Hayden Crawford followed behind her, keeping a few steps' distance. These few steps were the greatest restraint he had in his life, constantly reminding himself not to move forward anymore, just follow like this.

He couldn't imagine what a blind person was thinking, how panicked and scared she must be. Watching her from behind, as she didn't know how many seconds were left on the green light, she walked quickly but cautiously for fear of stumbling. She was never like this before; her eyes were the prettiest, filled with light, jumping over playfully when she saw him, telling him with her actions that his little darling had arrived.

A layer of blood red had dyed the corners of Hayden Crawford's narrow eyes, his large hands hanging at his sides tightly clenched into fists.

He wanted very much to go up and hug her.

But, he couldn't.

Doing nothing now is the best for her.

The street was about to reach its end when Serena Sterling suddenly slowed down and stopped, turning around.

Hayden Crawford didn't expect her to suddenly turn around. He froze.

Serena Sterling's unfocused bright eyes looked over, accurately falling in his direction, her red lips curved upwards, and suddenly, a glimmer filled her blank pupils, "Mr. Crawford, is that you?"

For that moment, Hayden Crawford almost thought she could see him.

"Mr. Crawford, I seem... to hear your footsteps. You seem to have been following me, always behind me. You came, right? Is it you?"

Hayden Crawford's heart suddenly tightened in pain. Never in his past life had he thought he would encounter a soft and sweet girl who hurt him so deeply.

The red light was already on, but the bustling four-direction intersection had no vehicles passing by. Everyone poked their heads out of their cars, watching the pair at the sidewalk at that moment.

Hey, look closely! That seems like Mr. Crawford.

Really, it's Mr. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford!

In the bustling city, those neon lights were like stars adorning the sky. As a gentle breeze blew through the night, the entire city seemed to quiet down just because of them.

Serena Sterling slowly raised her slender white hand, reaching forward to touch. She truly felt Mr. Crawford was nearby; he was right beside her.

Hayden Crawford watched her little hand slowly approaching, getting closer and closer to his handsome face, almost about to touch him.

All psychological defenses collapsed at that moment. Hayden Crawford's fists hanging at his sides suddenly relaxed, stretching out to embrace her, wanting to pull her forcefully into his arms.

To let her restless self find comfort in his arms.

But another hand was faster. Zane Crawford arrived.

Zane Crawford quickly grabbed Serena Sterling's slender wrist, "Serena, it's me!"

Serena Sterling's long lashes trembled, and in that instant, all the sparks in her bright eyes extinguished.

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Zane Crawford took Serena Sterling back to Orchid Court, watched her enter, and as he turned to leave, his collar was caught by a big hand. Hayden Crawford's gloomy face enlarged in his view, "What's wrong with her? Didn't you say she was poisoned? Why is she blind now?"

Zane Crawford's cold, dark eyes looked at the nearly frantic Hayden Crawford, "I just found out she lost her sight too. She probably didn't tell anyone. It's caused by the flower poison."

Hayden Crawford's eyes were bloodshot, and he gritted his teeth, the veins on his hand grotesquely throbbled, "How can we save her? She must be very scared now!"

"There is currently no solution to the flower poison. Serena should have considered these when she tested poison and refined medicine for you. I need to take her to Aethelgard as soon as possible before her condition worsens. So, you know what you should do!" Zane Crawford pushed him aside and then left.

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Serena Sterling went back to the bedroom. Her blindness didn't persist for long this time, and she saw things again when she returned to the bedroom.

At this moment, with a "click," the bedroom door was pushed open, and Hayden Crawford's tall and handsome figure came into view. He was back.

"Mr. Crawford, you're back?" Serena Sterling ran over; her bright eyes were filled with a faint joy. He hadn't been home for several nights.

Hayden Crawford looked at her; her bright eyes had regained focus and could see again.

He nodded once, "Yes."

"Have you had dinner?" Serena Sterling reached out her small hand to hug his lean and muscular waist, looking up at him from his embrace with a beautiful, watery face.

Hayden Crawford stood tall; when her small hand hugged him, the soft white fingertips brushed against his waist, giving him a slight tingling sensation. He hadn't been home for several nights, and it had been a while since they got intimate. Now her soft, boneless body pressed against him, looking at him obediently, seeking to please.

Hayden Crawford's throat bobbed twice as he swallowed, "I've eaten."

"Oh." Serena Sterling bit her red lip lightly with her teeth, whispering, "Today, I saw Yasmine Sterling at the hospital. Yasmine showed me a video. I know you didn't do anything because if you did, Yasmine would definitely show it to me. But Mr. Crawford, how did you end up on the same bed with her? I think you need to explain this to me."

Hayden Crawford's heroic brows furrowed slightly. He roughly guessed what video Yasmine Sterling filmed, the night in the bar when he mistook her for her, pulling her into his arms.

Hayden Crawford wanted to explain, but quickly gave up. He needed to do what he had to do now.

He raised one hand to undo a button on his black shirt, his voice thin and cold, "Mrs. Crawford, men are already very tired earning money to support the family outside every day. Do they still need to put up with your unreasonable fuss when they come home?"

As he spoke, Hayden Crawford reached out to push her away, stepping to the floor-to-ceiling window.